

Good Morning 347

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Soccer Must Stage Bigger Come-back

Verdict by
JOHN ALLEN

"DO you think that League football after the war will be as popular as in 1939?"

This is a question asked of me by hundreds of Servicemen—and women—and the answer is short and to the point: "Yes."

It will in all probability be even more popular. That is why some clubs, looking to the future, have plans already drawn up for the enlarging of their enclosures.

Serving men, who have been away from their homes for years, will be very anxious, on a Saturday afternoon, to go down to "the ground," to see the local lads in action once more. And by "local" lads I mean players who were born and bred in the district they represent on the football pitch.

One result of the war on professional football clubs has been to make them realise that they have talent on their own doorstep if they trouble to look for it. As players cannot be bought and sold in the middle of a war, big clubs who in the past have relied upon the smaller sides to supply them with first-class material, have had to set upon making their own stars.

Most of them have been so successful that I think it very unlikely, for several years after the war at least, that we shall again see the £10,000 transfer fees in the news. I know that Arsenal have been prominent in the buying of great players, but it is overlooked that many of their greatest players cost very little—or nothing—in the way of transfer fees.

George Marks, the goalkeeper, and Leslie Compton, the left-back, cost nothing. Laurie Scott, the right-back, was not an expensive capture. George Male and amateur Bernard Joy were free; so were forwards Dennis Compton, Cliff Bastin and Reg. Lewis.

And Arsenal, I know, have many other "free" players only waiting the opportunity to get into the League team.

READY-MADE STARS. Manchester United, Stoke City, Charlton Athletic, Newcastle, and Tottenham Hotspur, have all seen the wisdom of developing their own talent.

When peace does return, and League football is resumed, the club with the greatest number of ready-made stars will be the "draw." And cash talks in football, which, it should not be overlooked, is a business. This, of course, brings one to the subject of players' wages. I know many high officials who believe that the men who attract such great audiences should be better paid. This may well be one of the improvements in post-war League football.

A standing wage of £10 a week for first-team players of big clubs, paid throughout the year, not reduced during the close season, would be welcomed by all. As it is, large numbers of players in the past who entered the game with very little, made nothing during the course of many years of good service. A system of saving part of



To-day meet the Man who is

BRITAIN'S ACE SPY-BREAKER

which in the future might have become a serious menace to the United States through Pacific coast espionage to aid Japan.

Rees is the right man for the job, though incongruous in his South American setting. He is a grim little Welshman, who 31 years ago was turned down for the Glamorgan Police Force as being under the required height!

He came to London, enlisted as a constable, and later rose to detective. He has never been a limelight-seeker, and few people will remember that among his big cases was the Brighton trunk murder investigation.

Now his detective methods will be made available to the South American police, who have to round up gangs such as that of Hellmuth, who formed several "cells" of espionage agents in Bolivia and Paraguay. Hellmuth himself was arrested, taken from a Spanish ship at Trinidad, and accused of being a Nazi agent. It is a tribute to the "Yard" that faced with such a big job, the police of Latin-America have called upon Scotland Yard and not the "G-men" experts of Washington.

Superintendent Ivor Rees, of the "Yard," is the sort of man the Gestapo fears, for his intuition and his quiet, efficient way of tackling a job, no matter whether it is petty theft or espionage, can beat the Nazi Schultz-staffel every time. And the Nazis knew that he had been invited by the Uruguayan Government to train police in methods which could be used to break up Nazi spy gangs operating in the Montevideo area.

Rees took Divisional Detective Inspector W. H. Rudkin with him on this mission, and together they took Scotland Yard methods to the police of Bolivia and Paraguay. These same methods can be adapted by local police to smash South American spy rings which in the past have been such a menace to Allied shipping, and

"There is convincing proof," say the Federal experts, "that members of the German Embassy at Buenos Aires are an

integral part of the totalitarian espionage service.

"Evidence establishes in concrete form the role played by Axis diplomats in organisation, direction, financing and co-ordination of activities of groups of "cells"—their agents and accomplices actively engaged in subversive work on behalf of the Axis powers. Evidence shows the degree to which diplomatic channels are being used for transmission of espionage information.

It is known that several leading Axis espionage agents operating in the Argentine inform their Governments of ship movements from the harbour of Buenos Aires; and on political, economic and other vital questions related to defence and security.

"Arrangements have been made for transmitting to Axis States, via Buenos Aires, similar information received from agents in other countries of the Western Hemisphere. There is positive evidence that the Axis Embassies in Buenos Aires and clandestine radio stations are being used for the transmission of this information."

One of the biggest spies rounded up from the network by police in Bolivia and Paraguay has the impressive-sounding name of William Albrecht von Pressentin Gennet von Rautter, former member of the German nobility, and now an American citizen.

He was arrested on charges of violating the war-time espionage laws, and admitted being a member of the Nazi Intelligence Service. He used ingenious, underhand methods. To a friend, von Rautter wrote of Mr. Churchill as "Winnie," and openly predicted an early German defeat.

But when the letter was decoded it was found to con-

Peter Dugan tells the story of Superintendent Ivor Rees, "Yard" Man, whose photo you see on the left

tain a secret message describing American T.N.T. plants, shipping difficulties, and the alleged monthly output of aircraft and aero engines from various war factories.

Von Rautter was trained as an engineer in Germany, and, like so many Nazi agents, attended a school in England, and can speak English without a trace of German accent.

While all this hive of espionage activity is going over the head of little Supt. Rees, he is patiently trying to show South American police how efficient, though apparently stolid, "Yard" methods can be applied to these problems.

He still has a strong tang of a Glamorganshire accent, after more than thirty years, and the police chiefs of South America accept this with cheery good humour.

Rees and Rudkin are doing a straightforward liaison job in Montevideo, and are not dabbling in espionage work, which is the concern of the secret

He would rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign Trespasser.

Lord Halifax
(1633-1695).



Here's Warning to Card-players!

HAVE you submariners ever he was on leave, and that he chuck him out of the house," thought, when for hours and his charming A.T.S. bride, laughed his brother-in-law. "He's too good for us."

Well, this is the sad story of the fate which befell a certain young submariner, 22-year-old Leading Seaman James Burke, when home he came from the seas.

When we called at his home, 135 Green Lane, Birkenhead, to take pictures, we found that

And there, as if he didn't get enough card-playing on board ship, we found your colleague and his folk in happy mood—and with a pack of cards.

But L.S. Burke went on "We were just about to grinning to the last..."

police. Their mission is to make South American police aware of Yard methods—those same methods which have kept Britain almost entirely free from Nazi spies.

Before they left, Rees and Rudkin had a brush with officialdom which might have deterred the keenest police official. Their marching orders were given them in the early days of "Utility" suits, but they had to have special suits for the hot climate. Under the austerity order then prevailing they could have no hip pockets. They protested that such clothing was quite unsuitable, as it would even be impossible to carry revolvers unless they were allowed a hip pocket!

Eventually, Mr. Eden wrote to Mr. Dalton insisting upon the need for a hip pocket in each suit. Only then was permission granted for non-austerity suits to be made for the detectives!

Keep your eyes on this little Welshman; he's going to get places—both in the war and the post-war world of to-morrow.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

CORPSES FOR SALE

HE had scarcely left the room when John — who, with an almost superhuman effort, had reached the stone steps of a house nearly opposite that where his former pupil concealed himself — began to stagger under the blows which were inflicted on him from all sides, calling out —

"My brother — where is my brother?"

One of the ruffians knocked off his hat with a blow of his clenched fist.

Another showed to him his bloody hands; for this fellow had ripped open Cornelius and disembowelled him, and was now hastening to the spot in order not to lose the opportunity of serving the Grand Pensionary in the same manner, whilst they were dragging the dead body of Cornelius to the gibbet.

John uttered a cry of agony and grief, and put one of his hands before his eyes.

"Oh! you close your eyes, do you?" said one of the soldiers of the burgher-guard; "well, I shall open them for you."

And saying this, he stabbed him with his pike in the face, and the blood spurted forth.

"My brother!" cried John De Witte, trying to see through the stream of blood which blinded him, what had become of Cornelius; "my brother, my brother!"

"Go and run after him!" bellowed another murderer, putting his musket to his temples and pulling the trigger. But the gun did not go off.

The fellow then turned his musket round, and, taking it by the barrel with both hands, struck John De Witte down with the butt-end. John staggered and fell down at his feet, but, raising himself with a last effort, he once more called out:

"My brother!" with a voice so full of anguish that the young man opposite closed the shutter.

THE BLACK

TULIP

By Alexandre

Dumas

PART 6

There remained little more to see; a third murderer fired a pistol with the muzzle to his face; and as this time the shot took effect, blowing out his brains, John De Witte fell, to rise no more.

On this, everyone of the miscreants, emboldened by his fall, wanted to fire his gun at him, or strike him with blows of the sledge-hammer, or stab him with knife or sword; everyone wanted to draw a drop of blood from the fallen hero and tear off a shred from his garments.

And after having mangled keeper, "do you bring me the key?"

"Yes, my man, here it is."

"It is most unfortunate that you did not bring me that key only one quarter of an hour sooner," said the gatekeeper with a sigh.

"And why that?" asked the other.

"Because I might have opened the gate to Mynheers De Witte; whereas, finding the gate locked, they were obliged to retrace their steps."

"Gate! Gate!" cried a voice which seemed to be that of a man in a hurry.

The Prince, turning round, observed Captain Van Deken.

"Is that you, Captain?" he said. "You are not yet out of the Hague? This is executing my orders very slowly."

"Monseigneur," replied the Captain, "this is the third gate at which I have presented myself; the two others were closed."

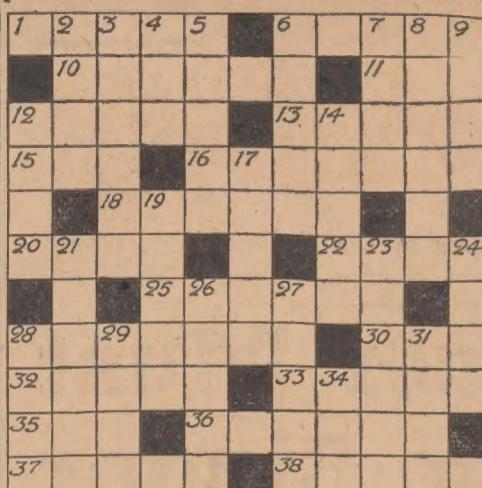
"Well, this good man will open this one for you; do it, my friend."

The last words were addressed to the gatekeeper, who stood quite thunderstruck on hearing Captain Van Deken addressing by the title of Monseigneur this pale young man, to whom he himself had spoken in such a familiar way.

As it were to make up for his fault, he hastened to open the gate, which swung creaking on its hinges.

"Will Monseigneur avail

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1. Cracks.
6. Chief.
10. Hate.
11. Beam.
12. Time.
13. Lesser.
15. Adze.
16. Agrees.
18. Lower.
20. Jot.
22. Spar.
25. Rumbles.
28. Take air from.
30. Bronze.
32. Went astray.
33. Accustom.
35. Fuss.
36. Write.
37. Lover.
38. Utter words.

CLANGS HAFT
HOG RISIBLE
AIBEX POOP
FOLLY G DUE
FREE SERENE
G SPUME D
BALSAM ABED
ONE Y CLARA
ADAM RIMS Z
RIVULET TIE
DEED DEFEND

CLUES DOWN.
2. Holly. 3. Foster. 4. Light sound. 5. Summer
ermine. 6. Sort of pudding. 7. Persia. 8. Affair.
9. Watches. 12. Vehicle. 14. Girl's name. 17. Go
swiftly. 19. Big bird. 21. Carry to excess. 23.
Shrewd. 24. Completed. 26. Means of communica-
tion. 27. Weekly ones. 28. Precious. 29. Of. 31.
Tract. 34. Go nimbly.

himself of my horse?" asked the Captain.

"I thank you, Captain, I shall use my own steed, which is waiting for me close at hand."

And, taking from his pocket a golden whistle, such as was generally used at that time for summoning servants, he sounded it with a shrill and prolonged call, on which an equerry on horseback speedily made his appearance.

"Will Monseigneur avail

leading another horse by the bridle.

William, without touching the stirrup, vaulted into the saddle of the led horse, and, setting his spurs into its flanks, started off for the Leyden road. Having reached it, he turned round and beckoned to the Captain, who was far behind, to ride by his side.

"Do you know," he then said, without stopping, "that those rascals have killed John De Witte as well as his brother?"

"Alas! Monseigneur," the Captain answered sadly, "I should like it much better if these two difficulties were still in your Highness's way of becoming 'de facto' Stadtholder of Holland."

"Certainly, it would have been better," said William, "if what did happen had not happened. But it cannot be helped now, and we have had nothing to do with it. Let us push on, Captain, that we may arrive at Alphen before the message which the States-General are sure to send to me to the camp."

The Captain bowed, allowed the Prince to ride ahead, and, for the remainder of the journey, kept at the same respectful distance as he had done before his Highness called him to his side.

"How I should wish," William of Orange malignantly muttered to himself, with a dark frown and setting the spurs to his horse, "to see the figure which Louis will cut when he is apprised of the manner in which his dear friends De Witte have been served!"

(To be continued)

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



PETRA THE MYSTERIOUS.

Hewn out of the solid rock is this wonderful architectural monument. It is El Khayneh, the Treasury. Who were the masons? Who was the designer? Don't ask us. We don't know, and nobody else does. But it is one of the most amazing examples of man's skill and ceaseless ant-like industry, that must always be doing some big job, just to prove he can do amazing things.

JANE

OH, DEAR, FRITZ, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE INCOGNITO AND I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE TEN MINUTES BEFORE I DO A STRIP-TEASE IN FRONT OF A POSTER OF MYSELF IN NEXT TO NIX!

I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING! IT WON'T TAKE THE BOYS LONG TO DISCOVER CANTEEN CONNIE'S REALLY SECURITY JANE!

BUT THIS AIRFIELD REMINDS ME SO MUCH OF POOR OLD GEORGIE — I CAN'T HELP (SNIFF!) WEPPING A LITTLE TOO...

HERE, CONNIE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TURN THE WATERWORKS ON YOU'D BETTER (SNIFF!) SWAP YOUR SPUDS FOR MY ONIONS!



Answers to Quiz in No. 346

- Basket.
- (a) J. D. Beresford, (b) John Masefield.
- Lady Teazle is not a Shakespeare character; others are.
- Five.
- Italy.
- Cartilage, Caporal.
- At the Nore, 1732.
- He is ex-officio a member of the Board of Trade.
- Ornamental fish and water-plants.
- Flush.
- Elephant, Eland, Ermine, Elk.

WANGLING WORDS

293

- Put an animal in PR and make "Good Morning."
- In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? — Saninecles or extn dinesiogs si.

- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BEE into FLY and then back again into BEE, without using the same word twice.

- Find the two countries hidden in the following sentence: If you go the Radnor way you will be at Leamington Spa in two hours. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order in each case.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 292

- PASSION.
- Honesty is the best policy.
- STAR, soar, boar, boor, boon, MOON, moan, mean, bean, bear, sear, STAR.
- B—right—on.

BEELZEBUB JONES



C.115.

BELINDA



C.115.

POPEYE



C.115.

RUGGLES



C.115.

GARTH



C.115.

JUST JAKE



C.115.

Jack London's Winning System

By W. H. MILLIER

THE life story of Jack London has been worked into a film, which is to be released shortly, and, if it follows the adventures of this full-blooded writer at all faithfully, the film should certainly be worth seeing.

It was an old colleague of mine, Gerard Austin, who advised London to try his hand at writing.

That Austin was a good judge in this connection is amply demonstrated. He, too, was a brilliant writer, but he lacked the business sense possessed by London, who probably earned many more pounds with his pen than Austin earned shillings in a lifetime of writing for his bread and butter.

In the course of collecting material for London's life story his biographer discovered how methodical this writer was in all that affected his work.

He kept a record of everything he wrote, no matter how small or unimportant it might be, and against each item he recorded the payment he had received.

He wrote his first story in 1898, and in this he was coached by Austin. My old friend told me about it many years ago.

They were in the Klondyke together, attracted to this bleak, forbidding land by the gold rush, which had drawn every tough adventurer, both young and old, from all the odd corners of the earth. "The Trail of '98," by Robert W. Service, is one of the best stories that conveys an idea of what life in the Klondyke was like in those days.

Austin told me that Jack London was one of the most observant men he had ever met, and as an instance of this he mentioned the manner in which he turned it to good account.

It is the story of the winning "system" at Roulette, which London has told in one of his many stories, most of which, by the way, were founded on fact. Long before London wrote it, I had the story from Austin, and it is worth recounting.

It was in Tex Rickards' saloon. The roulette table was the real money-maker there. London used to sit in a corner watching the play. His keen eye took in all the details. He seldom spoke.

Every once in a while London would stake a sum on the spin of the wheel, and it became noticeable to even the most unobservant of players that he never lost.

The intervals varied, but whether long or short, it was always the same, London pocketed his winnings.

He must have picked up a tidy sum by the time Rickard realised that this player had found a cast-iron system. Sensing that he might eventually make considerably more than the bank without paying anything in the way of overheads, Rickard approached London with an offer to buy his system.

London agreed to sell it at a price, but the price was too high for Rickard. "All right," said London, "it will pay me to keep it to myself."

The play continued, and London still made his occasional bet, with now greatly increased stakes, and still he never failed to land the winning number. Rickard was not just a gambler. He was a shrewd business man, and he realised that it would pay him to buy out London and his system. He therefore agreed to pay the price asked.

Jack London then disclosed his "system." He pointed to the big round stove, which stood in the centre of the log-cabin saloon. This stove was kept plentifully replenished with logs to keep out the intense cold which ruled outside.

The iron was usually red hot, and as the roulette board was placed very close to the stove it had been warped by the heat.

By close observation, London had found that whenever the pointer started from a certain number, say, seventeen, it invariably finished on thirty. If it started from twelve, there was its now well-defined number at which it was certain to stop.

He never placed a bet until the pointer at starting was at one or other of these figures, consequently it was just money for nothing. Perfectly simple, of course. But the remarkable thing was that Jack London was the only person to note the fact that the roulette board had this consistency.

He also spotted the reason for this in the warping of the wood, and, what is more important, he kept as dumb as an oyster about his find and made money out of his discovery and subsequent reticence.

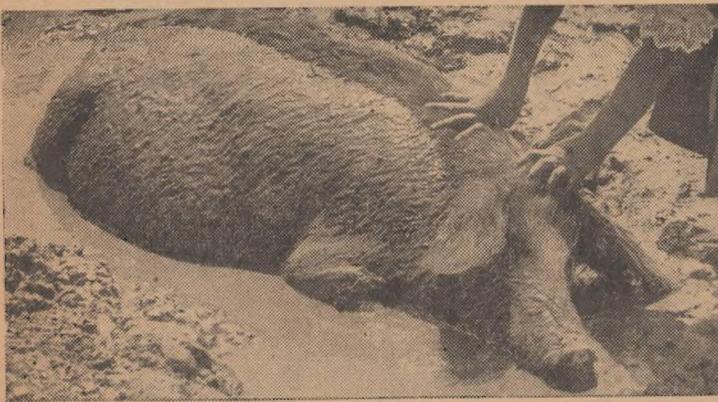
The lesson of this little story is plain. It certainly pays to keep your eyes skinned, and it is also profitable at times to observe that sense can indeed be golden.

I have it on the authority of my old friend that London had only a couple of coins to rub together when first he started watching that warped roulette board.

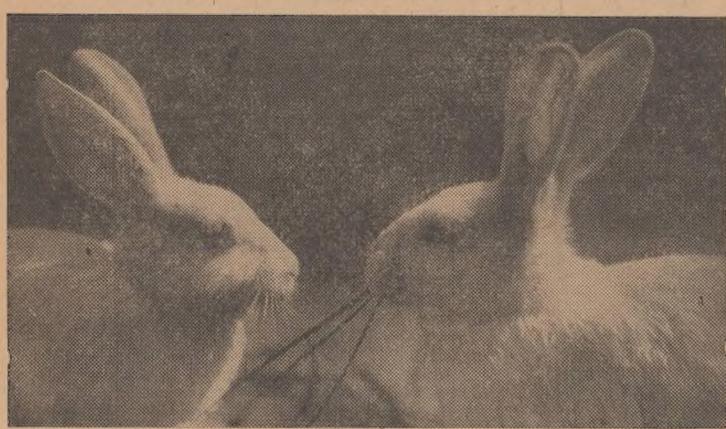
He was just a hobo, but he knew how to use the gifts Nature gave him, and from that moment he went right ahead, and finished up in very comfortable circumstances.

Good Morning

"Well, I guess even an independent hog has to submit sometimes."



Hey, hey ! And blow the girl down ! (A study in modern gymnastics.)



"I'm not greedy—I'm eating for two dozen."



This England

London's loveliest park. St. James', where the ducks say "Quack !" and the girls say "So what !"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Watch me little girl!"



"A little tricky round the cuticle, I'll admit—Ah ! But I've got the idea !"